

Saying that FANGLE was a surprise is like saying (supply your own cliché). But it's a welcome one; the first issue was one of my favorite fanzines for the last few years, and I enjoyed this one as well. A measure of the esteem I held for the first issue can be seen in the fact that I handwrote my letter, which is something I never do if I can at all avoid it.

As a matter of fact, when I was reading Richard Labonte's letter I had to go back and look to make sure I hadn't written it, because the same thing happened to me, except I wasn't a twin and it wasn't until the third grade. Mrs Dawson's ostensible reason for having me switch sides was that there weren't any left-handed desks in the classroom and she wasn't going to go out and get one just for me. (This all happened at St. Luke's Catholic School. For more information on Catholic schools, you might ask Bill Kunkel.)

Actually, I'm surprised that you were able to decipher my letter at all; I must have taken extra care, and lettered rather than wrote it. Sometimes I write myself notes or fragments of a story, and I have a tendency to leave out letters, syllables, words, and sometimes whole sentences.

On my own letter, "and" could have been written "&". That's what it was supposed to be, but I'm very sloppy. /c is medical shorthand, and when I wrote the letter I was working in a hospital. I'm glad you were able to figure it out. /s means without, & means before, & means after, and all of that is totally useless. "And" in medicalese is written "et," by the way. Aren't you excited?

I once tried to return to left-handed writing as a matter of fact, and found that I couldn't write forwards, but could write backwards more legible than I could with my right hand—the "mirror-writing" thing, like good old Leo da Vinci. I've always wondered why, but never did come out with a legitimate reason.

While I was in Ohio at the Marcon (Fannish reference #1) Larry Propp was telling me about a gentleman at his office who has a sign, "Please don't tell me mother I work for the White House; she thinks I run a porno theatre in Washington DC."

On spoonerisms, there are one or two stories I could tell, but probably shouldn't. Like the time during WWII that an American announcer was introducing the British statesman, Sir Stafford Cripps, and said that he took great pleasure in presenting, for the first time on American radio, Sir Stifford Crapps. He was cut off the air, and came back the next day with an abject apology to "...that great British statesman, whose name is, of course, Sir Stifford Crapps..."

Good Lord, and you completely left out Col. Stoopnagle, who delighted in relating stories of Indercella and three sistiuglers, and The Loose that Gaid the Olden Gegg.

I've just been trying to trace the columns on your cover, and my eyes are now permanently crossed (yes, it's deliberate). You'll get the bill as soon as I can see my way clear to visiting an eye doctor.

I can tell Mike how to cut stencils; my method is quite simple. First you get a window that's facing the sun (or the proverbial "loft" with a Southern Exposure) and then you tape a stencil to the window. Then you put your drawing plate and illustration in place, wait until the sun is at the right angle, and start to draw.

Of course, you can only do one drawing a day this way—if you're lucky—but it's cheaper than a lightscope. It also makes the people in the street wonder what the hell you're doing.

Oh, and if you're in New York, try to get an apartment at the top of a building or you'll never see the sun. It's damned hard to see an illo through a stencil that's backlighted by fog.

The local university-sponsored (listener supported) radio station is still running The Goon Show,

and I can occasionally be found giggling in my living room around seven in the evening—if anyone wants to drop by, wait ‘til 7:30—and repeating lines to anyone who will listen. “Barbra, dear, I’d like 10,000 £ ... in money.”

A low pun is in the nature of the one I used in my one-shot at Torcon, describing the incredible dockside racket caused by construction at the Port of Seattle. You can see it coming, can’t you? The city finally had to put a stop to the clamor. Port Noise Complaint, and all that.

That’s a low pun.

Gee I wonder what the NYTA (or whatever they call it) would do if you stuck one of those 35¢ pieces in the turnstile... or even a copy of FANGLE. It might be a bit hard to explain, though.

I well remember those notorious Oriental brothers, Sessue and Sessme Hayakawa...

All those terrible things that people are saying about New York. I *like* New York. Of course, I was just visiting, as the old saw says, but I traveled around a lot and didn’t get lost on the subways (well, hardly ever...) And generally thought it was a nice place to be.

By the way, for those who may have read THE GOON GOES WEST, Dave MacDonald, he of the cherry bombs at John Berry’s party, is now living in Seattle. He’s recuperating from a broken leg. You see, there’s this...fire station, but it’s not a fire station any more, it’s the headquarters for this radio station, but it still has the fire pole, and Dave was in there one night looking for the john with a lady friend of his, and he didn’t have a light, and he...

Even I don’t believe that story, but it’s true. Both of them fell down the fire hole.

Would it make it any better if I told you that the station’s call letters are KRAB? I thought not.

AARGGHH you misspelled my name!

Back when I had ambitions of becoming a comic artist, I wrote a letter to Steve Ditko asking if he needed an assistant. I was incredibly fond of Ditko’s Doctor Strange, and wanted to get in on the action. Ditko wrote back that he didn’t need an assistant, and if he did hire one he would limit him to drawing noses. The idea of a career based on nothing but noses was so strange that I spent the remainder of the day in awed contemplation.

The enclosed drawing (assuming I can find it) is an example of how affected by Ditko I was; it’s the cover of my first fanzine which, thank God, nobody but me ever saw. I still have it locked in a closet, and I look at it whenever I get too cocky.

(You may dispose of the drawing in any way you see fit; I can’t imagine ever needing it again.)

If you were spoiled by the Spirit, you’re in good company; I’ve been collecting old Spirits for years. Have you seen the new Warren comic? And the underground Spirits from Kitchen Sink Ent.? Or the 1966 Harvey Comics Spirit? Or...

I dunno, I kind of thought the Barry Smith Doctor Strange was good... at least the first one he did, with Nightmare. I was very impressed by it, but hated the second one he did.

I’ll bet that’s really fascinating, isn’t it. I like comics, but hate to talk about them. Every once in a (long) while I write a letter to Marvel, it gets printed, and I get a flood of comic zines for the next several months. Bleah.

Anybody want 14 (count’em) no-prizes? After a while I got tired of collecting empty envelopes with my name on them.

